THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH.

PITTSBURG, SATURDAY, OCTOBER

KING ARTHUR'S LAND.

Glints of Quaint Contrasting Scenes on the Cornish Coast

AMONG PILCHARD FISHER-FOLK. The Moorlands, Land's End, Lizard Head,

St. Ives and First Inns.

DESCRIPTION BRINGS THEM UP TO YOU

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.

ST. IVES, CORNWALL, September 20 .-[Copyright]-Jutting far out from England into the furious Atlantic is a bit of rockbuttressed land of most singular shape which sustains a distinct and interesting people. Its geographic contour suggests the curious silhouette of some couchant gigantic mastiff, or huge wild beast. It is easy to see in its southernmost outreaching, its two powerful fore feet; in its northern coast line its braced and bristling back; in its most northern projection an erect and pugnacious tail; in its eastern Devonshire boundary its massive haunches and hind feet, wedged against the eternal granite of Devon; and in its farthermost sea-split, ocean-battling promontory, the open mouth of the leviathan, set savagely toward the seething Scilly Isles, and forever lashed with spume and foam of interminable and indescribable battles with the elements.

Standing upon Hensbarrow, one of its drear and highest peaks, one can see smiling Devon to the east; almost to Land's Eud, its farthest westward wall; to Lizard Head, its remotest southern headland; across its entire reach of hills and moorlands far out upon St. George's Channel to the northwest, and over the white sails of fisher and coaster to the southeast, where the savage sea lashes and fumes in vain about that most furious of all mariner's beacons, the wondrous Eddystone Light.

THE DESOLATE MOORLANDS.

But standing there, with all this majestic evclorama before you, desolation only is apparent to the eye. The moorlands stretch dolorously as if in boundless loneliness. The tors or hills are bleak and bare. The whole face of nature seems torn and scarred. as by tremendous elemental struggles. A myriad hissing fragments of exploded planets hurled in awful upper rain upon this land could have left no more unsightly hurts upon it. Yet all these caverns and chasms which disfigure it were made by the hand of man. Its granite, shale and slate hide copper, tin and iron. For more than 3,000 years its surface has been cleft, and its depths gored and bored, until its face is pitted as if with extinct volcanoes, whose bases were honeycombed to a mile's depth, hases were noneycomped to a line's depth, and, latterly, so far outward beneath the ocean that its very shell was cracked and broken, until, to prevent the sea dropping through the bottom was stuffed and plugged

and soldered like a leaky basin!
Almost until to-day, as time is measured, this land to the rest of England was a veritable terra incognita. "West Barbary" it was called to fitly describe its uncanniness, its supposed ignorance and its popularly ac-credited semi-barbarism. What weird and desolate Connamara in Ireland's wild West, is and has always been to the Green Isle, this scarred and ragged peninsula has been to England.

A COLONY DOOMED TO DIG.

Of its 400,000 souls, one-eighth, from youth to death, in darkness pick and blast in shift and drift beneath its wind-swept moors. Until a century since a distinct la guage was spoken, preached and taught. To-day in the larger towns "the purest English spoken" is said to prevail; but again o-day not a league from these towns among olk, miners and peasants, an ordinary Englishman or American can scarcely un-derstand a word uttered. Yet here are life and scene of the greatest fascination; both life and scene of simplicity, beauty and grandeur; while remance and legend glow wondrously in every tor, combe and stream some in all England. For here lived, or were born to deathless legend, Arthur, Launcelot and Guinevere, and the brave old Table Knights. This wild and sturdy land is King Arthur's Land. It is

No matter what queer, quaint places I passed through to get there, but following the old canal from Launceston, I began my journey around the Cornwall coast from the little seaport bathing place of Bude on Bude Bay, not more than two leagues from the northern boundary of King Arthur's Land. Beyond this, for a dreary distance above you, stretch treeless downs, below you are jagged cliffs, and beyond these nothing but myriads of sea-fowl and the measureless

WILD AND DREAR TINTAGEL.

Further down the coast you come as to a Meeca of hallowed romance, to wild and drear Tintagel. What matter it whether romance or fact coined the sterling gold that rings through the legend old? Call it fact because it was good, and made a "stainless king." So there before you on that wavelashed, almost island promontory, stands to-day the still easily traced remains of Tin-Here was the very landing place of King

Here Uther Pendragon besieged the Duke of Cornwall in his twin castles, Tintagel and Terrabil, slew him, and the same day married the dead Duke's wailing wife, Ygrayne, to whom in time a boy born. The enchanter, Merlin, reared the child, Arthur, under good Sir Ector's care, and restored to him the kingdom of Cornwall on Pendragon's death. The noble Arthur instituted the Order of Knights of the Round Table, whose saintly acts, in the service of God and man, until they fell into sin, are the most shining deeds of all tradition; he loved only and married Guinevere, whom Launcelot, his dearest triend betrayed; and at last, receiving his death wound in the battle with his rebellion nephew's forces just over there at Camelford, but two leagues from where you stand in the ruins of Tiniagel, Arthur bade his last royal knight, Sir Bedever, carry him to Dozmare Pool-also but a little distance away, where the Cornish demon Tregeagle once had his dwelling-fling his sword Excalibur therein, when a boat rowed by three queens appeared. These queens, lift-ing him in, wailed over him, and they all sailed away over the mere to the "island valley of Avillion" that his "greivous wound might be healed."

ARTHUR'S GRAVE AND A LEGEND. All about you, if you wander inland, are sweet country roads, as quiet and lonely and as green and odorous with foliage as when Queen Guinevere rode through them "a-Maying" before she sinned and Arthur fell. Everyone hereabout will tell you King Arthur lies buried in the long, low mound on the high desolate moor midway betwee Tintagel and Launceston; but I prefer to be lieve, with the Cornish fisher-folk I know, that he sailed away to Avillion; is still i fairvland; that his spirit often hovers with pathetic murmurings over the old scenes in the form of a bird, the chough, which coastwise people venerate, and that he will surely

"Wearing the white flower of a blameless life." to reign as a King should and might over From Tintagle to famed St. Ives-famed

chiefly but not alone through the undying nursery rhyme query, "As I was going to St. Ives
I met a man with seven wives,
Each wife had seven sacks;
Each sack had seven cats;
Each cat has seven kits;
Each cat has seven kits;
How many were there going to St. Ives?—

ad, or cliff-paths leaving and returning t the highway, makes possible the constant

presence of the coast to the lover of nature on foot. Antiquity, historic spot and brave old legend being dearthful in this sublime reach of frowning coast, another pleasing feature of Cornwall gives zest and interest.

A PRETTY PASTORAL PICTURE.

Whatever may be the dreary effect upon the traveler of the dismal downs and barren tors along the rocky backbone of Cornwall, there are never-ending surprises of beauty for constant repayment. Toward St. George's Channel at the northwest and the English Channel at the southwest, innumerable valleys and tiny burns slope toward and cut through the walls by the sea, every one discharging limpid streams, which go whirling, foaming or singing to the sea. Along the sides of these lovely combes are the quaint old homes, the rich acres, the ample ricks of grain and the sleek herds of the hearty, happy farmers of Cornwall. Tramp these desolate coast roads but a mile you suddenly happy farmers of Cornwall. Tramp these desolate coast roads but a mile you suddenly stumble upon these lovely vales—the stream, the farms half hidden by glorious foliage dotting the sides far up the combe as eye can reach; here a rumbling old mill; there a nestling church; below you a quaint old village; beyond, the tiny haven skirted by the homes of fishers and specked by queer old fishers' crafts; forther a tide plowing old fishers' crafts; further, a tide plowing up between massive haven walls, or a stretch of low-tide rock and drift; and at last the bright blue sea. Beautiful scenes are these for the eye and heart-mind to dwell upon; hardly to be found in such number and winsomeness anywhere else upon all of England's coast.

Down over a dull, stony road you sud-denly come upon what appears to be the busy back yard of some odd little village inn, and you have arrived at England's famous Land's End. This little inn, chiefly amous Land's End. This little inn, chiefly a refectory for briefly tarrying travelers, enjoys at least the distinction of two suggestive and humorous signs. On the landward side from which you approach you may read in good Gothic lettering, "Last Inn in England."

STILL ANOTHER PIRST INN.

Fifty feet away, on the seaward side o the house, as if in assertive notice to the whole Western hemisphere, there is the equally significant sign, "First Inn in England." After getting your food and paying your bill here, you cannot forget these two inn signs. There is a little green plateau in front of the inn. The extremity of this is the last of English mainland toward America. In calm or storm Land's End is a wild, forbidding spot. And not a week passes when there is not doleiul wreck and

You are now upon the southern coast of Cornwall. The cliff-walk between Land's End and the great Logan or rocking stone is the finest in all England for coast scenery, and the whole sublime sweep of headland, promontory, seething cliff-bases, spume-swept, rocky islets, with picturesque coves and colorful bits of life in fishing craft, tiny wharves and flower-embedded fishers' huts, for all that distance are constantly before want ves and nower-embedded fishers hats, for all that distance are constantly before you; while the grandeur of the sea, which in calmest weather beats upon the cliffs in mountainous ground swells, although seeming calm beneath the horizon, is such as I have never elsewhere seen.

You are soon at lovely, leafy, Penzance, where semi-tropical verdure is seen the year round, where the English invalids come in hundreds, where the olden smugglers, pi-rates and wreckers were; but as it is high priced, priggish and "o'er-airish," you tramp on to little Marazion, from where the on to little Marazion, from where the ancient Hebrews, as traders, supplied the Phonicians with the precious Cornish tin. It is but a fishing port now, noted with St. Iwes for fishwives and "pilchers," the pilchards of Cornish fishing fame.

HOW THEY TAKE PILCHARDS.

The fishermen of Cornwall, everywhere acknowledged as the bravest and hardiest in acknowledged as the bravest and hardiest in the British Isles, not only ply their vocation on the southwest Irish coast, among the Heb-rides, and for all deep-sea fish, through in-calculable danger around the ever-howling Cornish coast, but find their chief profit here at St. Ives, across the pennsula at Mara-zion, and further to the northeast in Mevagissey Bay, in pilchard seining.

Pilchards resemble the herring, but are smaller, rounder and oilier. "Huers" or watchers stand constantly at the St. Ives farthest headlands, and signal the approach of "pilcher schulls," as they call them, the reddish and ripply appearance of the water betraying their presence. The dead old town suddenly awakens, and from 3,000 to 4,000 excited souls can be seen at doors, windows, in the streets, and launching the unwieldly seine boats. These and all gear are owner in partnership, but each boat must take its regular "turn."

From 200 to 500 hogsheads are taken at ordinary catches; though in 1851, 5,555 hogs-heads, or 15,000,000 pilchards were secured neads, or locologous pitchards were secured at one haul, the largest ever taken at St. Ives. Hundreds of women and maidens, some wondrous types of rugged beauty, are employed in "bulking the pilchers" on the docks; that is sandwiching them between layers of salt in dark cellars, amid Babelbec

screeching for salt and fish. After this draining and curing they are "lavered" in hogsheads, the oil pressed out of them, saved and sold; and the product is shipped to the Adriatic ports for Lenten food. Thus the Cornish fisher folk, ninetenths of whom are Wesleyan Methodists. annually drink a hearty toast to the Pope; and, because the Spaniards imagine the fist are smoked and call them fumados, the term has been transformed into "fair and the pilchers, without which there always great want and suffering, have for centuries been known at old St. Ives as the "Fair Maids of Cornwall that always feed and clothe the poor.'

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

The Workers to Meet.

Mass conventions of Sunday school workers will be held to-morrow, the first to be held in the afternoon in the North Avenue M. E. Church, Allegheny, at 3:30 o'clock. the second in the evening at the Second U. P. Church, on Sixth avenue, at 7:30 o'clock. Mr. William Reynolds, who has just organ ized the State Sunday School Convention in West Virginia, will arrive in the city today and will address the convention to-

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 88 Warren street, New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

And also conducive to good health is Frauenheim & Vilsack's Iron City beer. The best and purest materials, skillfully combined, are used in its making. It is kept at all first-class bars.

BLACK gros grain silk, 65c, 75c, 85c and \$1 a yard; the best values ever offered.

TTSSU HUGUS & HACKE.

VISITORS to the Exposition, don't fail to call at Steinmann's and see the most elegant line of new novelties in jewelry in the two cities, at lowest prices. 107 Federal st.

BROCADE velvets, beautiful two-toned effects, actual worth \$3, our price 75c a yard.
TTSSu HUGUS & HACKE.

ENGLISH four-in-hand scarfs; new pat JAMES H. AIKEN & Co. 100 Fifth ave.

THOSE slightly imperfect drap d' ets. \$2 50 quality, we are selling at \$1 25, are a rare bargain. HUGUS & HACKE.

WORK FOR WOMEN is the subject

THE WISHART PARTY

The Court Jury Declares It is a Legal Detective Agency.

DIAMOND STREET IMPROVEMENT.

The Arguments On the Matter Were Con-

tinued Testerday. GENERAL NEWS OF THE COUNTY COURTS

Mark W. Wishart, J. P. Young and Edward P. Hesser were put on trial in Judge Magee's court yesterday on the charge of engaging in the business of detective for hire and reward, the prosecutor being John A. Martin. The defense was represented by William Yost, Esq., and the prosecution by General Blakely, John Marron acting

as District Attorney.
Captain Wishart was the principal witness, and testified that the defendants were employed by him at a regular salary, and

employed by him at a regular salary, and were subject to discharge at any time. Mr. Marron put some questions at the Captain which he refused to answer, and in which he was sustained by the Court, much to the annoyance of Mr. Marron.

Mr. Yost then submitted the commission of Captain Wishart given to him by the Court and granting him the right to conduct a detective agency which was in accordance with the act of assembly. He asked the Court to charge the jury that the defendants were employed by Captain Wishart and were, therefore, not guilty.

The defense objected to this but Judge Magee agreed with Mr. Yost and the jury was charged to that effect. A verdict of not guilty was returned and the costs put on the county.

county. -Patrick Hill and William Boling were tried in Criminal Court yesterday for the larceny of \$105 from Hugh Wallace. The

Elijah Hart was convicted of selling Elijah Hart was convicted of selling liquor without license in Scott township. Alois and Annie Bruno were tried yesterday for selling liquor without license and keeping a disorderly house. The parties live in the Twenty-seventh ward, Mrs. McCready being the prosecutor. The jury returned a verdict finding the delendants guilty of keeping a disorderly house.

EARLY DECISION PROMISED.

The City Officials' Argument for the Widen ing of Diamond Street.

The argument in the Diamond street widening suit was resumed before Judge Ewing yesterday by D. T. Watson, Esq., who reasoned that the widening of the street was the continuation of an improvement already begun. He said that if there was no Diamond street no one would question the city's right to cut a street from Smithfield street to Market, and he could not see why an alley already existing can alter the question. Mr. Watson cited other cases that were similar to the present one that had stood the test in court. He stated that the city was willing to give bond for the payment of all damages, and that the only persons objecting were those whose property is to be taken. The people own-ing abutting property were all in favor of it.

of it.

City Attorney W. C. Moreland closed the argument, and read to the Court the recognized rules laid down as a guide of the constitutionality of all legislation. He argued on the right to a trial by jury, and said that both the acts of 1887 and 1889 guarantee a trial by jury. The speaker made a careful argument of the entire case, declaring that the acts were constitutional, and that the act of 1887 had been declared so by the Supreme

Judge Ewing took the papers, promising an

THE ONLY RECOURSE.

City Attorney Moreland's Response in a Suit Against the City.

City Attorney Moreland yesterday filed the answer of the city to the suit brought against the city and Delinquent Tax Collector Ford by John Liggett. The suit was brought by Liggett to restrain Collector Ford from making a lien on his property for delinquent taxes. The property in question is located on Wood street. Liggett appealed from the assessment and while the case was pending in court the taxes became delinquent. Five per cent was added and the Delinquent Tax Collector proceeded to file a lien. Liggett claims that as the appeal was in court the matter should have remained in statu quo until decided and that they had no authority to add 5 per

In the answer it is stated that under the act of March 22, 1877, there was nothing else to do but declare the tax delinquent when it was not paid on the first of May, and place it in the hands of the delinquent tax col-lector, who added the 5 per cent. They claim that as the case was in accordance with law, and that their only course, Liggett's suit should be dismissed. The first installment of the taxes, without the 5 per cent, amounted to \$1,818.

Captain Jones' Will.

The will of the late Captain William R. Jones was filed yesterday for probate. The will is dated February 13, 1874. Captain Jones bequeaths to his son, William Coulter Jones, the gold watch and chain presented to him at Johnstown, Pa., on August 13, 1873, by his friends and fellow workmen. Also his sword which was presented to him at Baltimore, Md., by the members of Company F, One Hundred and Ninety fourth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. All the rest and residue of his estate, real All the rest and residue of his estate, real, personal and mixed, he bequeaths to his wife, Harriet, and her heirs and assigns torever. Mrs. Jones is also appointed sole executrix of the will. William H. and Edwin W, Lewis are the witnesses to the

Still Another Attempt.

Another bill in equity was filed yesterday, against A. D. Miller & Sons, the oil refiners of Allegheny. The plaintiff in this case is Fred Gwinner, who owns the lot and three houses on the southeast corner of Preble and Washington avenues, and within 100 feet of the refinery. He makes the same allegations as made in the suit of Wadsworth against Miller & Sons, to the effect that the refinery is a nuisance from the noxious fumes and vapors that emanate property is in danger from fire and ex-plosion. He asks that an injured from it, and that his and the adjoining He asks that an injunction be ranted to restrain the firm from operating

finding was reached.

the works. The case against the members

of the firm for maintaining a nuisance was before the Grand Jury, yesterday, but no

The grand jury yesterday returned the following true bills: Alexander Gleeman, Charles Klein, burglary; Christ Anderson, John Patterson, embezzlement; Charles Allen, larceny; Thomas Karney, Isaac C. Brown, Charles McClure, conspiracy; Charles Carter, J. Ryan, aggravated assault and bat-tery; J. S. McCloskey, Ann McLaughlin, Robert A. Clark, Frank Bunright, assault and battery; Ludwig Bost, Mary Lynch, John McConville, selling liquor without a

BRAIN TROUBLES; how they are to be The ignored bills were: John Calligan,

Mary Kennedy, Thomas Murphy, Daniel Rieck, assault and battery; Daniel Rieck, Annie Droppel, larceny; George Gibson, carrying concealed weapons; A. J. Carver, selling liquor to minors.

An order was made in Criminal Court yesterday appointing the following election officers in the Third and Fourth districts of South Fayettee township:

South Fayette Township.

Third district-Judge, Samuel McKinney; Inspectors, Frank Mautydeck and Andrew Shane. Fourth district—Judge, R. W. Boyce; Inspectors, William S. Wallace and Thomas Heidler. This order was necessitated from the fact that when South Fayette was divided into districts the matter was somewhat mixed up and the election officers placed in the wrong districts

What Lawyers Have Done. THE regular meeting of the Bar Association will be held this afternoon in their room at the Court House.

R. M. GULICE & Co., of the Bijon Theater, entered suit yesterday against H. A. Clifford for the recovery of \$500 on a note.

GEORGE COHEN yesterday entered suit against S. P. Stern to recover \$185, the value of four watches and three gold rings, which he alleges Stern purloined from him. TODAY'S trial list is as follows in the Crim-

inal Court: Commonwealth vs Simon Green-wood, Frank Baldey. Fannie Pillows, Gustav Strauch, Thomas McGrady et al., Mike Raf-ferty, Jane Crowther, Joseph Long, Samuel McElhaney, Heury K. Klingensmith (2). A DECREE was made yesterday in the equity A DECREE was made yesterday in the equity cases of Otto Pfenninghaus, Lyle and wife and J. Kinpkamp against the McKeesport and Believernon Railroad Company, restraining the railroad company from taking a strip 16 teet in width from the back end of the plaintiffs' lots in Reynoldton.

A. B. O'NEIL, JR., yesterday entered suit against the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company for \$5,000 damages. He alleges that he purchased a round trip ticket between Mc-keesport and Pittsburg, and that on returning he was put off the train at Brown's station without cause, falling down an embankment cutting and bruising himself.

JOHN C. MCLAUGHLIN yesterday entered suit against James M. Jackson, McLaughlin states that on September 22 he was driving a horse and wagon out Second avenue. Jackson was driving a horse and buggy along at a reck-less rate of speed and collided with him. Mo-Laughlin's horse was badly injured and after-ward died. The wagon was also damaged. He claims £150 damages. A capias was issued for Jackson's arrest.

MRS. JONES INTERRED.

Very Impressive Funeral Services at the Cathedral.

The funeral services over the body of Mrs. Louise Jones, widow of Judge Samuel Jones, were yesterday celebrated in St. Paul's Cathedral. The building was crowded-Catholic and Protestant mingling in the immense edifice to do honor to the

deceased lady's memory.

High mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Wall, assisted by Revs. M. M. Sheedy, Molyneux, Murphy and Couway. The music by the quartet choir of the cathedral was very impressive. The eulogy was delivered by Rev. F. Regis Canevin, and was a model of tender pathetic eloquence. After benediction had been pronounced, the great audience passed in single file around the coffin, where the calm, handsome features of the deceased lady were exposed to view for the last time. The following were the honorary pall bearers: Wall, assisted by Revs. M. M. Sheedy, honorary pall bearers:

Judge W. M. Acheson, John W. Chalfant, J. T. Wood, Colonel W. A. Herron, W. W. Patrick, J. R. Jackson, Charles J. Clarke, John H. Hampton, W. E. Schmertz, E. T. Cassidy and E. W. Wood,

The coffin, which was covered with flowers, was privately carried to St. Mary's Cemetery and interred. It was unfortunate that the extensive repairs which are now going on in the Cathedral occasioned a great deal of scaffolding and disorder, which slightly inconvenienced the spectators.

'SQUIRE VERSUS CENTRAL

A Wheeling Man Refuses to Ask for Numbers and Invokes the Law.

The telephone company has been trying to compel subscribers to call for numbers instead of names in Wheeling, and there is quite a storm in consequence. 'Squire George Arkle, of the latter place, has brought suit against the company for \$300 mages, and for compensation at the rate of \$5 per day for every time "central" re-fused his request for names. Arkle has retained five lawyers.

General Manager H, Metzgar said vester day that Wheeling should not object to a rule which Pittsburg willingly submits to. All the arguments were in favor of the rule, and only a few obstinate people could possibly object to it. It gave more privacy to the conversation and accelerated the switching, as well as being a very great convenience to the unfortunate "central

READY TO LAY THE WIRE. The Second Avenue Electric Road Will be Finished in November.

Contractor A. E. Townsend yesterday asked permission from Chief Bigelow to tear up the street along the tracks of the Second Avenue Passenger Railway for the purpose of putting down an underground wire for the new electric system adopted by that road. Mr. Townsend expects to complete the line, from Hazelwood to the Ex-position buildings, by the 1st of November, and says if the Boston firm that is to put it the dynamo engines get through by that time the road will be hauling passengers with the electric system by November 10.

BROKE THROUGH A BRIDGE. A Threshing Machine the Cause of the Deatl

of Two Men. FT. WAYNE, IND., October 4 .- A trac tion engine and threshing machine, while being moved across a small stream near

Janesville, this county, yesterday, broke through a bridge and landed in the water some 30 feet below. Five men were buried under the engine. John Sparks and Henry Wright were pinioned beneath the boiler, and before they could be rescued had been scalded to death by escaping steam.

They were literally cooked, their flesh peeling off their bodies. Three men were severely, but not fatally, injured. WISHED TO EXCEL

Her Desire to be Beautiful Nearly Proved

are alleged to be the cause of his disappear-

ance. Mrs. Erb is worried about his absence, and is at a loss to account for his

actions. She says he acted queerly at times

Know ye that Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup osts only 25 cents. It cures instantly.

Fatal. It appears that the young lady suppos to have attempted suicide with arsenic has been wrongly called Leonora Delavin. Her

Heard for Some Time. real name is now published as Dora Deely. Miss Deely was seen at her residence, con ner of Ann and Van Braam streets, and said that she had taken the poison to beautify her complexion. Her sister was in the habit of doing so, and, wishing to have an extra good complexion, Miss Deely resolved to take more than her sister. She has now fully recovered from the effects of the drug. Who Will be the Next? Victor Erb, the tipstaff in the grand jury room, has been missing since Tuesday. lives on the Southside, and family troubles

PERSISTENT POVERTY.

What Shall We Do With It, and How Shall the Burden be Divided?

COMMISSIONER R. D. M'GONNIGLE.

Suggests the Massachusetts Plan of Dividing Weight

Yesterday it was announced that Mr. R. D. McGonnigle, Secretary of the Allegheny County Light Company, had been appointed by Governor Beaver one of the commission of seven to revise and codify the laws relating to the relief, care and maintenance of the poor of Pennsylvania. From remarks and growls heard in various quarters it would appear fully time that comething was done. There is especial dissatisfaction in this county, outside the

cities of Allegheny and the boroughs of Mc-Keesport, Bradslock and Sharpsburg, the reason for which being given further along. Mr. McGonnigle was asked to explain what was expected to be done, and he stated that the trouble is that the State has outgrown its swaddling clothes since the general law for the management of the poor was framed in 1836, the development of the last 56 years, and the special acts that have been passed for the management of the poor in various counties since, having made crazyvarious counties since, having made crazyquilt patchwork of the matter. The law of
1836 made provision for the settlement of
slaves and apprentices, for instance, and now
both the slave and apprentice systems are
things of the past and the environment is
otherwise changed. When that act was
passed there were less than half a dozen
almshouses in the State, pauperism being
almost unknown. From time to time, as
certain counties grew in population, they
had special acts passed granting them
power to build poorhouses, and these acts
not only conflicted in many cases with the
general poor law, but with each other, and
at the meeting of the Association of Poor
Directors held in Uniontowa the Governor
was asked to appoint the commission for the was asked to appoint the commission for the

PROVIDING UNIFORMITY

PROVIDING UNIFORMITY
and this commission is expected to formulate something more in keeping with the
present time. The preliminary settlement
of paupers was by the act of 1836 confided
to two justices of the peace, but in some of
the special acts one justice is only necessary and the methods of distributing reliet
also vary and lead to unending conflicts of
authority and jurisdiction. This commission is required to report to the next session
of the Legislature, and for its expenses \$6,000 have been appropriated, The persons appointed must meet
at the office of the Secretary of the Commonwealth in Harrisburg within one month
after their appointment and organize. It after their appointment and organize. It has power of adjournment as to time and place, and each Commissioner is allowed \$200 salary, and its clerk is to have such reasonable compensation as may be approved by the Governor. It has power to examine the books and papers of Poor Directors and to examine under oath any person in relation to the affairs of the poor districts, and can imprison any one refusing to attend when summoned as a witness. The commission will probably meet on the 14th inst., as the Association of Poor Directors holds its annual meeting on the 15th. It is composed of two or three lawyers and the rest of the members are men who have experience in the management of the poor.

IN ALLEGHENY COUNTY. Mr. Pugh, of Lackawanna, is a member. He was a member of the Constitutional Convention, and was a Presidental elector last year. He has had large experience in management of paupers.

question for many years also.

The matter is specially interesting in this county outside the two cities. There is much growling in the country districts and in most of the boroughs regarding the practical working of the County Home. claimed that not only 90 per cent of its in-mates are of foreign birth, but that nearly all of them are sent by McKeesport, Braddock and Sharpsburg boroughs, and that the tax paid by the rest of the rural portion of the county is almost solely for the benefit of these three towns. Said a complainant: "I lived for 20 years in a township that only sent one pauper to the home, and sent him but a few years, and yet it paid taxes on a valuation of \$500,000." As paupers can be maintained for \$100 a year, it will be seen that had this township kept one in the home all that time, it would on the present millage have paid about five times what it costs to keep a pauper, and the complainant states that in all that time it paid about 30 times as much as it got back. If the matter were analyzed, it would be found that the bulk of the agricultural districts and boroughs fare equally as poorly in the dis-

tribution. This man complains that the Home is extravagantly managed and has a super-fluity of officers, luxuries, etc., but Mr. McGonnigle states that some people whom he knows, people competent to judge, tell him that the County Home appears to be well managed, and he states that they are not partisans of either of the warring factions that have of late years struggled for supremacy in its management.

A CHARGE DENIED. Mr. McGonnigle referred to the Massachusetts system of almshouse management, and it contains a suggestion that may be worth some study. Massachusetts is divided into what are called towns, as on the Western Reserve in Ohio, corresponding to our townships. Each town is made pay for the boarding of its own paupers, and when one of them succeed in effecting a settlement it is a very difficult matter ever after to dislodge him, but the angry controversies and lawsuits that accompany such settlements here are under the Massachusetts regulation pretty generally avoided. The Yankees of the Western Reserve brought their New England customs with them and the financial circumstances of new comers were generally investigated with close scrutiny. Years ago some of the wealthiest people of Ohio could recollect when they had been "warned out" by the town supervisor, There was nothing to hinder him from serving his warning on any new comer, and if he didn't like a new arrival he was very apt to give him a possible pauper's welcome. The warning was for the purpose of preventing the incomer from becoming a burden on the town in case he proved to be a ripscallion.

THE LAWYERS' NEGLECT.

The Ameskeng Injunction Suit Will Not be

Proceedings in the Amoskeag engine in function suit were to have been commenced before the Master on the 25th ult., but though the plaintiffs attorneys were present the lawyers for the city did not appear. A few days later Mr. Watson, for the city, intormed the other side that some arrangements would be made. There is not time for the case to be brought before the Supreme Court at the sessions on Monday, and it must either stand until next fall, or have a special hearing in Philadelphia. There are two Amoskesg engines in use in the department and which have not been

The Captain Hanored.

The members of Engine Company No. 13 last evening presented Captain George W. King with a badge. The Captain has been transferred to take charge of No. 3. Judge Gripp made the presentation speech and Colonel Morrison responded.

BERCHAM'S Pills cure sick headache. PEARS' Soap, the purest and best ever made.

(NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.)

THE CURSE & CARNE'S H

A TALE OF ADVENTURE

By G. A. Henty. UNEQUAL LOAD BORNE IN THIS COUNTY | Author of "Under Drake's Flag," "With Clive in India," etc., etc.

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CHAPTER XVII.-ROTH POWLETT CON-

Upon the morning after the conversation with his daughter, Mr. Armstrong had just started on his way up the village when he

lett, if you can find time to sit down and listen, as well as Ruth."
"I can find time for that," Hesba said, "though it isn't often as I sits down till the tea is cleared away and Hiram lights his first pine afterwards."

Upon the morning after the conversation with his daughter, Mr. Armstrong had just started on his way up the village when he met Hiram Powlett.

"I wan spare an hour—I can spare the whole morning, Mr. Powlett. I have ceased to be a working bee, and my time is at your disposal."

"Well, I thought I would just step over and speak to you." Hiram began, in a slow, garled sort of way. "You know what I was telling you the other day about my girl?"

"Yes, I remember very well."

"You don't know, Mr. Armstrong, whether she has said anything to your daughter?"

"No; at least not so far as I have heard of. Mary said that they were talking together, and something was said about Miss Carne's murder; that your daughter turned very pale, and that she thought she was going to faint."

"That's it; that's it," Hiram said, stroking his chin thoughtfully, "that murder'is at the bottom of it. Hesba thinks it must be that any talk about it brisgs, the scene back to her; but it does not seem to me that that accounts for it all, and I would give a lot to know what is on the girl's mind. She came in yesterday afternoon as white as a sheet, and fainted right off at the door. I shouldn't think so much of that, because she has often fainted since her illness, but that wasn't all. When her mother got her round she went upstairs to her room, and didn't come down again. There is not much in that, you would say. After a girl has fainted she likes to lie quiet a bit; but she didn'tlie quiet. We could hear her walking up and down the room tor hours, and Hesba stole up several times to her door and said she was sobbing enough



"I DARE NOT SEE HIM," SHE SAID: "HE MAY LOOK AT ME AS YOU DO." you, seeing that you were good enough to be interested in her. You will say it's a rum thing for a father to come and talk about his daughter to a man he hasn't known more than two months. I feel that myself, but there is no one in the village I should like to open my mind to about Ruth, and seeing that you are father of a girl about the same age, and that I feel you are a true sort of a man, I come to you. It isn't a true sort of a man, I come to you. It isn't as if I thought that my Ruth could have done any wrong. If I did, I would cut my tongue out before I would speak a word. But I know my Ruth. She has always been a good girk; not one of your light sort, but earnest and steady. Whatever is wrong, it's not wrong with her. I believe she has got some secret or other that is just wearing her out, and if we can't get to the bottom of it I don't believe Ruth will see Christmas," and Hiram Powlett wined his ever violently

don't believe Ruth will see Christmas," and Hiram Powlett wiped his eyes violently.

"Believe me I will do my best to find it Ruth said earnestly. "Surely that is not out if there is such a secret, Mr. Powlett. I | the end of it." feel sure what I have seen of your daughter that if a wrong has been done of any kind it is not by her. I agree with you that she has a secret and that that secret is wearing has a secret and that that secret is wearing her out. I may say that my daughter is of the same on nion. I believe that there is a struggle going on in her mind on the subject, and that if she is to have peace, and as you say, health, she must unburden her mind. However, Mr. Powlett, my advice in the matter is leave her alone. Do not press her in any way. I think that what you said to me before is likely to be verified, and that if she unburdens herself it will be to May; and you may be sure whatever is

the nature of the secret my daughter will keep it inviolate, unless it is Ruth's own will that it should be told to others." "Thankee, Mr. Armstrong, thankee kindly; I feel more hopeful now. I have been worrying and fretting over this for months, till I can scarce look after my work, and catch myself going on drawing at my pipe when it's gone out and got cold. But I hink it's coming on; I think that crying last night meant something, one way or the other. Well, we shall see; we shall see, I will be off back again to my work now; I feel all the better for having had this talk with you. Hesba's a good woman and she is fond of the child; but she is what she ealls practical-she looks at things hard and straight and sensible, and naturally she don't quite enter into my feelings about Ruth, though she is fond of her too. Well. good morning, Mr. Armstrong; you have done me good, and I do hope it will turn out as you say, and that we shall get to know what is Ruth's trouble."

"I am glad you have come in, Miss Armstrong," Hesba said, "our Ruth wants cheering up a bit. She had a faint yesterday when she got back from your place, and cept to just sit in her chair and look in the fire. I tell her she would be better if she

Mrs. Powlett," Mary said; "and I am sure Ruth does not look equal to talking now. However, she shall sit still, and I will tell her a story. I have never told you yet that I was once carried off by the Kaffirs, and that worse than death would have befallen me, and that I should have been afterward tortured and killed, if I had not been res-

"Lawk-a-mussy, Miss Armstrong, why you make my flesh creep at the thought of such a thing. And you say it all happened to you? Why, now, to look at you, I should have thought you would hardly have known what trouble meant, you always seem so bright and happy; that's what Ruth has aid again and again."

to break her heart. She is going about the house again this morning, but that white and still that it is cruel to look at her. So I thought after breakfast that I would put on my hat and come and have a talk with you, seeing that you were good enough to be interested in her. You will say it's a rum thing for a father to come and talk had thrown in many interjections of horror and pity, loud on the part of Hesba, mere murmurs on that of Ruth, who had taken Mary's hand in hers, but the sympathetic

pressure told more than words.
"And you shot three of them, Miss Armstrong." Hesba ejaculated in wide-eyed astonishment. To think that a young girl like you should have the death of four men on her hands. I don't say as it's unchris-tian, because Christians are not forbidden to fight for their lives, but it does seem downright awful."

"It has never troubled me for a single moment," Mary said; "they tried to kill me, and I killed them. That is the light I saw it in, and so would you if you had been liv-

"No, my father recovered from his wound, and so did the soldier who had saved me, and as soon as my father was able to travel, he and I went down to the coast and came

"That cannot be all," Ruth whispered; "there must be something more to tell, Mary." "I will tell you another time, Ruth," Mary said in equally low tones, and then rising, put on her hat again, said goodby and went out.

"Did you ever, Ruth?" Hesba Powlett exclaimed as the door closed. "I never did hear such a story in all my life, and to think of her shooting four men; it quite made my fish creep; didn't it yours?"

"There were other parts of the story that made my flesh creep a great deal more, "Yes, it was terrible; and she didn't say a "Yes, it was terrible; and she didn't say a single word in praise of what the soldier had done for her. Now that seems to me downright ungrateful, and not at all what I should have thought of Miss Armstrong."

"I suppose she thought, mother, that there was no occasion to express her opinion of his bravery or to mention her gratitude. The whole story seemed to me a cry of praise.

and a hymn of gratitude."
"Lord, Ruth, what fancies you do take in your head, to be sure; I never did hear such

Two days passed without Ruth going up to the Armstrongs'; on the third day Mary again went down.
"Well, Ruth, as you have not been to

one me good, and I do hope it will turn at as you say, and that we shall get to know what is Ruth's trouble."

An hour later, Mary Armstrong went iown to the mill to inquire after Ruth. She ound her quiet and pale.

"I am glad you have come in, Miss Armstrong," Hesba said, "our Ruth wants theering up a bit. She had a faint yesteriay when she got back from your place, and he is never fit for anything after that expept to just sit in her chair and look in the ire. I tell her she would be better if she would rouse herself."

"But one cannot always rouse oneself, Mrs. Powlett," Mary said; "and I am sure Ruth does not look equal to talking now. However, she shall sit still, and I will tell her a story. I have never told you wet that I was once carried off by the Kaffirs, and that worse than death would have befallen me, and that I should have been afterward tortured and killed, if I had not been rescued by a brave man."

"Lawk-a-mussy, Miss Armstrong, why you make my flesh creep at the thought of such a thing. And you say it all happened to you? Why, now, to look at you, I should have thought you would hardly have known, that though to wonly make my flesh creep at the thought of such a thing. And you say it all happened to you? Why, now, to look at you, I should have thought you would hardly have known what trouble meant, you always seem so bright and happy; that's what Ruth has said again and again."

"You shall judge for yourself, Mrs. Pow-